672.

Numb. 7.

Heraclitus Ridens.

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

From Saturday, August the 21th, to Tuesday the 24*th*. 1703.

Jest. THIS *London* is one of the merrieſt Towns, I'll ſay that for it, of any in Chriſtendom.

Earneſt. I ſee nothing in it to make me think ſo——

Jeſt. That's the Fault of your Eye-ſight. Whereſoever I look, ſomething or other that is diverting preſents it ſelf. Say what you will, there is Ridicule in Abundance, and every individual Corner of this Spacious City furniſhes with Occaſions for Laughter.

Earneſt. And whereſoever I caſt an Eye, not an Object employs it, but what adds to my Sorrow; *Heraclitus* and I walk'd through the City t'other day, on purpoſe to divert our ſelves, and met with no ſuch *Occaſions* as you talk of. For my part I thought the Old Fellow would have dy'd with Grief, (when I ſhew'd him the *Giants* at *Guild-Hall*;) at ſight of the ill Practices us'd in the pretended Courts of Juſtice juſt by 'em, and it had not been in the Power of Brandy to ſave him, had he ſtaid three Minutes at *Full Change*. Down dropt my Companion at the ſight of the Stock-Jobbers, and not a Merchant ſpoke a Word, but it gave him a Fit of an Epilepſie. Inſomuch, that I was forc'd to pull him over to *Garraways*, to ask Advice of the Conſult of *Phyſicians*, that ply like Sergeants at the *Exchange-Gate*, up one Pair of Stairs, to pick up any Diſtempers that come in their way. But he had no ſooner fix'd his Eyes on the *City-Bard*, but I gave him over for loſt. There was that Worthy Knight a Dictating in Heroicks to a Parcel of Surgeons and Apothecaries, as if they underſtood him; and not far from him, at another Table, another Phyſician, who is beſt Company for himſelf, and who is Talkative in his own Opinion if he ſpeaks three Words in three Hours.

Jeſt. Methinks this ſhould have a quite contrary Effect. I ſhould have laugh'd heartily, had I been there, and would infallibly have made one amongſt 'em.

Earneſt. *Heraclitus* was not of your Mind. He left as much Scalding Water behind him as would have made Liquor enough for Coffee for a whole *Change-Time*. I thought the Devil was in him, and deſir'd Sir *R——d* to exorciſe him, who was as ready as I could wiſh, and made him Froth at the Mouth with a Line or two of King *Arthur*. In ſhort we muſt have been at the Charge of Burying him, had not I whip'd him away in a Hackney Coach to *Lincolns-Inn-fields* Play-houſe, where the *Sham Doctor* work'd a Cure that the *Real One* could not Accompliſh.

Jeſt. The old Gentleman ſeems out of Humour yet. By his Crabbed Aſpect one would imagine he had broke his Faſt with a Bitter Draught and a *Bolus*. What think you of having him to *Smithfield*, and giving him a Fairing? You know the Day that St. *Barthol.* ſtood *God-Father* to?

Earneſt. Odſo! 'Tis right. Why truly I do not care if I put my ſelf to a little Charges for ſo good a Friend's ſake. Shew us the Way, We'll follow.

Jeſt. Hey day! What's here to be done! Some Pocket or other Pick'd, it's a Hundred to one elſe. Let's hear what the Cryer ſays. Who knows but ſomething of Value may be loſt, and and we have the good Luck to get the Reward by finding it?

Cryer. *O yes, O yes——If any Man, Woman, or Child, in City, Town, or Country, can bring any Tale or Tidings of the Man that writes the* Obſervator, *ſo as he may be brought to Juſtice, and made to Anſwer what ſhall be Alledg'd againſt him in* Pye-Powder-Court, *during the Sitting of that Honourable Bench. Let Him or Her repair to the* City-Cryer's *Honſe, and they ſhall have Five Guineas Reward for their Pains.* God bleſs the QUEEN.

Earneſt. Amen. Who would have thought to have heard of our Old Friend in theſe Territories! For Heaven's ſake what has he done to Incur the Diſpleaſure of this Venerable Court?

Jeſt. What has he done, ſay you? He has written againſt Riots and Tumults, found out Prophaneſs in Drolls and Muſick Booths, quoted Statutes againſt Rope-Dancing, and play'd the Devil and All with the Jack-Puddings, that are us'd to Call People together.

Earneſt. And to what Purpoſe. I don't hear he has any Influence over the Magiſtracy.

Jeſt. To the very ſame Purpoſe he has been us'd to write. None at all—His words put me in mind of Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*'s thorough Paſſage—— *They go in at one Ear, and out at t'other.*

Earneſt. You have ſeen his laſt Obſervator without doubt. Methinks he is a little too Free with my Lord Mayor, and prints his Order on Purpoſe to Expoſe it.

Jeſt. Give him Rope enough, ſay I, He'll Entangle himſelf at laſt, or I am out in my Conjectures. All Juries don't bring in their Verdict *Ignoramus*, and it's in his Lordſhip's Power to Reward him for his Pains, and Recompence his *Anathema*'s on the Children of thoſe Magiſtrates that Tolerate what his Lordſhip has thought to Permit.

Earneſt. And what will his Lordſhip or his Poſterity be the Worſe for Judgments denounced by ſuch a faiſe Prophet? He is like one of the Prieſts of *Baal*, that Cries aloud in vain, and is not heard. His Words have no manner

of

of Weight with any Perſon that will give himſelf Leave to think——And as his Lordſhip knows how to keep his Money, there is no Doubt but his Children will Learn from his Example not to fall under the Curſe he has maliciouſly entail'd upon thoſe of his Predeceſſors.

Jeſt. The Deuce take me if *Heraclitus* be not there Grinning like any Satyr. He's reading the Court of Aldermen's Order, that is paſted upon *Parker*'s Booth there.

Earn. And are not thoſe Impudent People in it to Tranſgreſs it after ſuch a Manner! Plays, Interludes, *&c.* are forbidden in it. Yet *Doraſtus* and *Faunia* ſtand the Brunt, and appear as bare-fac'd as if there was nothing like it.

Jeſt. The World is a Riddle all over, in my Opinion. What ſignifies making Orders, if Care be not taken to have 'em obey'd. Without doubt they will Pay for their Diſobedience, if they do not, old Cuſtoms are laid Aſide.

Earneſt. But what ſurprizes me the moſt, is, this Fellow's Impudence by the Hoſpital-Gate. *All the Wrought Plate taken at* Port St. Mary's, *and* Vigo. Where are the Lord Mayor's Officers? Away with him for a Scoundrel, to ridicule ſuch glorious Victories after ſuch a manner.

Jeſt. Why ſo Paſſionate? Methinks the Fellow does well to refreſh our Memories, leſt we ſhould forget Sir *George Rook*, and be unthankful for a Bleſſing that fell into our very Mouths. Though the Rogue ſhould have left out the word *ALL*; it Squints towards a Deſign, and he deſerves to be well Thraſh'd for endeavouring to be Witty, when a Hundred Pound will buy all the Plate in his Shed.

Earn. Look upon the Old Gentleman, his Eyes are fix'd upon my Lady *Mary*; *Cupid* has Shot him as dead as a *Robin*. Poor *Heraclitus*, he has cry'd away all his Moiſture, and is ſuch a Dotard to entertain himſelf with a Proſpect of what is Meat for his Betters. Wake him out of his Lethargy, and tell him, the young Noblemen and Senators will take it amiſs if a Man of his Years makes Pretenſions to what is more than a Match for their Youth. Thoſe Plump Thighs of hers, pretty Bubbies, and Roguiſh Eyes, have brought her more Admirers than ever *Jenny Bolton* had before ſhe loſt her Maidenhead; it's Pity, ſay I, ſhe has no more Manners, and leſs Ill Nature.

Jeſt. Oh! Dr. *Barns*, Your Humble Servant, What a Devil does he do in this Dreſs. I ſaw him not long ſince a talking of wonderful Cures in the Country, Cutting off Hair-Lips, Cancer'd Breaſts, Curing the Foul Diſtemper without *Mercury*, and Loſs of Time, and a hundred Performances. Odſo, there's Dr. *Philo* too—— that has left holding a Pacquet in his Hand for a Pole. Dr. *Miller* turn'd Fool too, that has an excellent knack in playing the Knave. —— I am glad to ſee you Dr. *Gately*, is your Coach and Six Horſes come to this, your great Eſtate you boaſt of in *Leiceſter-Fields* dwindled into a Merry-Andrew's Coat, and your marvelous Cures after *many Years Travels, and Experience*, into a Jeſt. Prithee look upon 'em, are not theſe a Parcel of rare Rogues. What's the Reaſon *Cornelius a Tilburg*, the *Orvietan-Monger*, and Dr. *Read* don't make two among em?

Earneſt. And where's the harm in their being here. It would be the better for the poor People that have the unhappineſs to fall under their Hands if the Fair was to continue all the Year round. Though the Poor Country Sextons would loſe conſiderably by the Bargain, and the Church-yards would almoſt lie Fallow without their Aſſiſtance. Theſe are thoſe that Dung the Spiritual Ground with Man's Fleſh, and give encreaſe to the Worms, by Fatning the Earth. Your good Subjects that promote the Burial-Tax, and advance the Subſidy by every Doſe they give. If they break their Limbs, it is but encouraging their own Trade, or do the ſame by their Necks, it will be a Death of Conſequence in one Senſe; for it will ſave a great many other People's Lives, and they will dye by the Rope, which is in their proper Calling.

Jeſt. And ſo much for the Honour of the good St. *Bartholomew*. Come away, I beſeech you, for *Heraclitus* begins to entertain ſinful Conceptions at the ſight of that Young Woman. We did not bring him hither to debauch him --- and two or three Pieces in a Man's Pocket is better ſav'd than ſpent. What ſay you to a Query or two, and then a dainty Piece of Pig and Pork and a Bottle.

Earneſt. I have not a Syllable to ſay againſt it--Good Victuals and good Liquor are two agreeable things, and the *Queries* are at your Service.

Qu. 1. Whether that which is for the advantage of the City of *London* ought not to be prefer'd by the Citizens? And whether Drolls and Interludes by drawing a Concourſe of People together, do not anſwer the Deſign of all Fairs, by promoting Trade, and adding to the Profits of the Reſpective Inhabitants?

Qu. 2. Whether the Grant of any Priviledge to any Body or Society of Men be not intended for that Society's Advantage? and whether the Intent of the Grant be not rightly anſwer'd, by permitting this Body or Society of Men the uſe of ſuch means as may bring about the Purpoſes therein deſign'd?

Qu. 3. Whether the Lord Mayor has not done according to Law, by tolerating what is not contrary to it: And whether his Order does not ſufficiently anſwer the Intent of her Majeſty's Proclamation for the diſcouragement of Vice and Prophaneneſs, by forbidding Immorality in Drolls, and Interludes, at the ſame time as he ſuffers em.

Qu. 4. Whether if the Patentees of *Dorſet-Garden* Houſe, ſhould be ſo complaiſant to the Diſſenters, as to oblige 'em with it for a Conventicle, they would ſhew themſelves half ſo good Subjects to her Majeſty as they would in continuing it for the ſame Uſe which it was firſt built for.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOſt between St. *Bartholomew*'s Cloyſters and *Drury-Lane*, A Second-hand Maiden-Head, as good as New, and as little Crack'd as poſſible; Suppos'd to be taken up by a Gentleman in a Scarlet Suit, white Wig, and black Silk ſtockins. If the Perſon who has it, will be ſo kind as to reſtore it, and leave it at the *Prancer*'s *Stamper-Tavern* in the ſaid Lane, the Porter ſhall fetch him a freſh one for his Pains, which he'll warrant to be as good every whit. It muſt be left in two or three Days, or the Lady's Mother will provide her with another.

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